THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 7, 1801.

Deſcription of Milton Abbey, the Seat of the Earl of Dorcheſter.

[From Lipſcomb's Journey into Cornwall through the Counties of Southampton, Wilts, Dorſet, &c.]

WE rode from Blandford to examine the Earl of Dorcheſter's ſeat, at Milton Abbey, which every one ſhould ſee who makes a tour of this part of the country. It is about ſeven or eight miles weſt of Blandford: the road to it is not remarkable, except in one place, where it preſents a very fine proſpect to the north-weſt.

We deſcended into the garden between two neat lodges, having on each ſide a great hedge of laurel planted upon ſloping ground, on the ridge of which is a row of high fir-trees of various kinds. This walk terminates in a noble avenue of elms, through which you catch a view of the oppoſite hill, ſtudded with green tufts of furze and broom.

The pleaſure grounds form a ſmall irregular valley, remarkably rich in verdure, into which the principal front of the houſe looks. The building is of white ſtone, in the Italian taſte; but the guides informed us, that it was intended to correſpond with the fine Gothic remains of the Abbey contiguous. It is certain, however, that it has no reſemblance to that kind of architecture, except in the form of the windows.

The entrance is under an arched gate-way, into a court-yard paved with flag ſtones; and oppoſite the door you come in at, is a magnificent hall, perfectly Gothic, with a fine fret-work ceiling, and decorated on all ſides with numerous coats of arms: among which the rebus of a Mill and a Tun often occurs.

This room fills the mind with the utmoſt veneration for the memory of our anceſtors, by conveying to us, at once, an idea of their magnificence and hoſpitality. In ſuch apartments as theſe did

" Thronging knights, and barons bold,
" In weeds of peace high triumphs hold ;"

and, while within theſe walls convivial feſtivity gladdened each ſocial heart, the diſtribution of benevolence without comforted the weary pilgrim and the diſtreſſed mendicant. Here, in the ruder ages of unpoliſhed manners, ſat the mighty chieftain, proudly pre-eminent, recounting his warlike achievements to admiring gueſts, and celebrating the praiſes of his heroic anceſtors, while flowing bowls were quaffed in remembrance of their fame.

The proud baron, here, planned the ſchemes of his martial exploits ; and here, in revels and carouſals, commemorated preceding victories. Here, he received the homage of his dependents, and dictated the feudal and deſpotic mandates by which his vaſſals were governed !—This fine apartment is of a very large ſize, paved with white ſtone, and furniſhed with marble tables and mahogany ſeats.

" Here, the ample hall behold !
" Where noble chiefs and barons bold,
" Fluſh'd with blood, from fight or chace,
" Ambitious of heroic race,
" Hung their hoſtile trophies high,
" And, ſhouting, ſhook the ambient ſky :
" His harp the hoary minſtrel ſtrung,
" And legendary numbers ſung—
" War's mexorable flame,
" And daring deeds of matchleſs fame ;
" While the goblet, circling round,
" Ev'ry ſofter paſſion drown'd."

The drawing-room is not large, but moſt elegantly furniſhed. The chairs are covered with red Morocco leather, and have gilt frames. The pictures are as follows :—John the great Duke of Marlborough,—Sarah his Ducheſs,—Joſeph Damer, Eſq.—John Damer, Eſq.—Joſeph Lord Milton,—Caroline Lady Milton,—Lionel Duke of Dorſet, and his Ducheſs.

The library is a ſmall neat room, and ſeems to be fitted up for uſe rather than oſtentation. In it are half length portraits of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and King William the Third.

The ceilings of this ſuite of rooms were executed by Wyatt ; and they are all furniſhed and hung with pea green ſattin ; and have handſome chimney pieces of different coloured marbles in the

the modern taſte. You next come to a bed-chamber, furniſhed like the reſt, and containing pictures of the Hon. John Damer and Lady Milton. The carpets of all theſe rooms are very ſuperb, but the floors are ſo highly poliſhed, that you cannot ſtep upon the boards with ſafety.

In a ſmall dreſſing-room are ſome pretty ſketches and drawings from nature, by the ladies of the family: among them I obſerved a view of Milton Abbey, which ſeemed to be very well finiſhed. In another room is a fine head of a Jewiſh rabbi, and over the chimney, Lady Henly M'Leod. In a bed-chamber adjoining, Lord Milton and Lord George Sackville. In another, Lord Hardwicke, and two very old figures whoſe names I could not diſcover. In a third, the preſent Earl of Dorcheſter and the late Lady Milton, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

The ſtaircaſe is of white ſtone, with an iron baluſtrade and plain mahogany rail, without any ornament. In the firſt apartment above, is a good painting of London, and half lengths of the Duke and Ducheſs of Dorſet, and of John Damer, Eſq. with the date 1674. The ſuite of apartments on the weſt ſide of the houſe is hung with beautiful white ſilk damaſk, with window curtains and chairs to match; and the fire places are aſtoniſhingly ſuperb, the borders of ſome of the regiſter ſtoves being of ſilver.

In the ball-room, which is very large and elegant, are ſeveral fine pictures; among them,—Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon,—Lord Newport,—a friar with a ſkull before him, by Titian, uncommonly well executed,—King Charles's Queen, the daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and Jeffrey Hudſon her favourite dwarf,—Henrietta, Ducheſs of Orleans,—an incomparable head of Rembrant, by himſelf,—the cruel Duke of Alva on horſeback,—a view of ſhipping,—Romulus and Remus,—St. John in the wilderneſs. The ſtate bed-chamber, which adjoins, is leſs magnificent than the other rooms: the bed and furniture are white ſilk damaſk. From hence the perſpective, through all this range of apartments, is very pleaſing. Deſcending a ſtaircaſe you approach the chapel, which is the remaining body of the Abbey connected to the houſe by a colonnade.

The inſide is fitted up like the choir of a cathedral, but the pulpit and ſtalls are modern. Near the entrance, in the north end of the tranſept, is a handſome monument of white marble, erected in memory of the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Milton, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Dorſet, and Lady of the preſent Earl of Dorcheſter, who has placed his own figure in a recumbent poſture, eying his Lady with looks of the tendereſt affection. In the window over this monument are ſeveral coats of arms in ſtained glaſs.

Behind the altar is a Gothic ſcreen, ſimilar to that in Saliſbury cathedral. The altar itſelf is of variegated marble, divided into pannels or compartments, with a coat of arms in the centre of each. This was originally the monument of an abbot, which was diſcovered a few years ago, when the chapel was finiſhed in its preſent form. There is an organ placed over the entrance into the choir, with a great deal of carving about it, in imitation of the Gothic architecture of the building.

In the ſtalls next the entrance are two very old paintings on wood, that on the right, a figure of King Athelſtan with theſe words—

"Rex Athelstanus hujus loci fundator."

On the left, the figure of a woman holding a bird in her hand. This was moſt probably deſigned to repreſent King Athelſtan's mother, who was alſo buried here. In the ſouth tranſept is the model of a ſpire ſaid to have been intended for this church, but never erected: and there is an elegant font made of ſome compoſition ſo as to reſemble one entire ſtone. The choir is paved with marble, and the body of the church with white ſtone.

Part of this elegant ſtructure was deſtroyed by fire in the year 1309, and has never been rebuilt, but the remainder was preſerved with great care, having been, ever ſince that period, the reſidence of the Damer family. King Athelſtan was, as has been before related, the founder of this edifice; and of him it ought to be remarked, that amidſt a perpetual ſeries of warfare and confuſion, during almoſt his whole reign, this monarch was ever attentive to the intereſts of Chriſtianity, and ever zealous in the encouragement of piety and religion. In his reign the ſcriptures were tranſlated into the Saxon language.

The proſpect of the Abbey and the houſe is extremely elegant and ſtriking from every part of the garden, and particularly, from a very well imitated ruin by the ſide of a venerable grove on the north-weſt. The Earl of Dorcheſter has taken great pains to improve this place, by digging a fine lake; but his endeavours do not at preſent ſucceed in keeping the water within its banks.

His lordſhip has alſo expended a great ſum of money in cauſing the houſes which compoſed the town of Milton (alias Middleton) to be entirely demoliſhed: the principal deſign of which was to increaſe the ſize of the pleaſure grounds, and to improve the approach to the houſe. The preſent village of Milton is built on a riſing ground near the ſite of the old town, and the cottages, which are finiſhed very neatly, exactly correſpond: they are covered with thatch, and every houſe has a ſmall garden attached to it. The church has been rebuilt, and is handſomely finiſhed; and on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, is a building for the reception of aged and infirm paupers. Few

proſpects

proſpects can be imagined more picturesque than the view of the Abbey and the manſion-houſe, ſheltered by noble woods whoſe appearance beſpeak their antiquity.

There is a good ſtone bridge over the end of the lake before mentioned, leading from the village to the park. We had an agreeable ride from this place to Blandford, through a very romantic wood, in ſome places almoſt impervious, which brought us to a lofty hill, from whence we had a view of the cliffs of the Iſle of Wight, the Iſle of Purbeck, and Corfe Caſtle.

Mr. Francis Garratt's Remarks on the Neceſſity of reducing the high Price of Proviſions, made in the Court of Common-Council of the City of London, November 27, 1801.

WHEN, at a former court, I brought forward the propoſal, which I ſhall now ſubmit to your conſideration, our proceedings were ſtopped by the retreat of thoſe who diſapproved of the meaſure; but I truſt that I ſhall now obtain a full and patient hearing. The obſtacles then thrown in my way have neither altered my opinion, nor deterred me from purſuing the ſteps which I have taken. The more I conſider the calamity under which the poor have laboured, the more I am convinced of its alarming magnitude, and the extent to which it ſpreads in every direction.

It is not only the poor that are affected. Their diſtreſſes indeed are ſuch as ought to call for our chief attention, and render every other conſideration comparatively trivial: and the unexampled patience and fortitude with which they have borne their ſufferings, command alike our admiration and our gratitude.

But I forbear to dwell on a topic which has been ſo frequently diſcuſſed, and I will call your attention to arguments, which, though of leſs moment, may perhaps prove more convincing, and more fully perſuade you of the extent of the evil, and the neceſſity of a remedy. The high price of proviſions will in the end affect all ranks of ſociety; it will ultimately bring ruin on the rich as well as the poor; it will deſtroy our manufactures, annihilate our commerce, and even ſhake the foundations of our conſtitution.—For theſe two laſt winters, our poor have been relieved by voluntary contributions, and charitable eſtabliſhments; our poor laws are intended to promote the ſame benevolent purpoſe; but, though theſe inſtitutions are eminently philanthropic, and have ſaved the lives of many of our fellow-creatures, they unavoidably break that ſpirit of induſtry, by which the Engliſh nation is diſtinguiſhed and ſupported.

When once the honeſt pride of independence is extinguiſhed, the great ſpur to exertion is blunted, the vigour of the mind is overpowered

overpowered by melancholy, indolence ſeizes the unhappy victim of oppreſſion, and both the mind and body become a prey to ſloth, ſtupor, and miſery. This is the neceſſary conſequence of that nefarious ſyſtem, which, by withholding the neceſſaries of life, and demanding an exorbitant price for all kinds of proviſions, reduces innumerable families, to whom chearful induſtry once furniſhed a comfortable maintenance, to have recourſe to the offers of charity.

I do not exaggerate.—I have witneſſed the diſtreſs which now pervades our manufacturing towns and villages, in different parts of the kingdom. Had you ſeen the diſmal change which has taken place within theſe laſt three years; the numberleſs families, which once contributed to the ſupport of the ſtate and the maintenance of the poor, now reduced to the ſituation of paupers, and become a burthen to the community; our gaols filled with debtors and criminals, who have been led into this misfortune, not ſo much by their own extravagance or depravity, as by the preſſure of extreme want: I ſay, had you ſeen this, there would be but one voice in this court. The overſeers in every pariſh can bear teſtimony to the ſame deplorable truths; every where the poor rates have rapidly increaſed, and in ſome places from 15s. to 35s. in the pound. If then this is the ſtate of the poor, what muſt be the conſequence? Thoſe who are able to obtain, and willing to accept, relief from the pariſh, or a charitable ſociety, will no longer exert their former induſtry; and thoſe whoſe generous ſpirit cannot brook oppreſſion, will emigrate to foreign countries. Already numbers of our countrymen have quitted their native land, and ſought refuge in America. Now peace opens the communication with France, its greater vicinity will afford a more powerful temptation to an emigration, which will not only impoveriſh this kingdom, but enrich and inſtruct our rivals; which will not only depreſs our manufactures, but exalt thoſe of our neighbours and competitors.

Some plan muſt therefore be adopted, by which induſtry may be rendered independent of charity. Induſtry is eaſily ſtifled; but it is difficult to revive the expiring flame. Indolence, though at firſt abhorred, is rendered by cuſtom familiar and agreeable.

Such then are the diſtreſſes of the poor, and the dangers by which the nation is threatened. To whom ſhall we apply for redreſs, but to the repreſentatives of the people; it is with them to correct the evil; and their firſt ſtep ſhould be to trace it back to its ſource.

This is the object of the petition which I now urge you to preſent to Parliament. By taking a ſurvey of the quantity of arable land, and of the grain produced in the iſland, the cauſe of

the calamity will be aſcertained; and the legiſlature will diſcover where they ſhould apply the remedy.

As the amount of the population of this country has, by a late act of parliament, been aſcertained to be about 9,000,000 of inhabitants, it is requiſite that 6,700,000 quarters of wheat ſhould be provided for an annual conſumption, either from the produce of this country, or by importation, as appears by the eſtimate made by Mr. Adam Smith; it is therefore highly neceſſary that government ſhould be in poſſeſſion of the quantity of wheat in Great Britain, and alſo of the quantity of acres ſown with wheat for the enſuing crop, which indeed conſtitute the principal part of my intended motion.

It appears by the Gazette of the 13th of Auguſt, 1796, that wheat, for Middleſex, was 75s. 9d. per quarter, and that the quartern loaf in the following week was 7¾d. (This was prior to Mr. Alderman Skinner's act.)

On the 7th of November inſtant, wheat, for Middleſex, was 67s. 7d. per quarter, as appears by the Gazette, and the quartern loaf, in the following week, 10¾d. This aſſize is ſet according to Mr. Alderman Skinner's act, which paſſed on the 4th of July, 1797. It is evident that bread is now 3d. in the quartern loaf higher than in Auguſt, 1796, notwithſtanding wheat is 8s. per quarter lower than at that time.

It alſo clearly appears, that the preſent mode of fixing the price of bread, without taking into the account the price of foreign flour, muſt be productive of a further injury to the public; as ſuch flour is, no doubt, uſed by bakers in general. The weight of foreign flour imported within the laſt twelve months, is equal to 304,000 ſacks and upwards, and which has been ſold at 10 to 25 per cent. under the price of Engliſh flour.

[The reſult of this meeting of the Common Council was a reſolution to petition the Houſe of Commons to order a general ſurvey to be taken of the grain in the kingdom, from which bread is made, and that the poſſeſſors of it ſhould be obliged to give in an account of the quantity they have upon oath; and alſo to petition the Britiſh ſenate not to permit the diſtillation of barley at leaſt till ſix months after the firſt of January next.]

Memoirs of Prince Pignatelli, late Viceroy of Naples.

FRANCIS PIGNATELLI, of the Princes of Strongoli, was born about the year 1730, from an illuſtrious family, whoſe origin is certainly prior to the foundation of the monarchy of the Two Sicilies, and probably derived from ſome of the Lombard lords in the principality of Benevento. If we may give credit to the ancient and uncontradicted tradition, the name

of

of this family was undoubtedly derived from the Italian word Pignattello, a ſmall pipkin, and adopted by the founder of the family, ſince he penetrated victorioufly into the intrenched camp of the Greek emperor, and into the very tent of the general of the army. He went out of the apartment with three pipkins in his hand, ſhewing them to his ſoldiers as a proof of a complete victory. This accords, at leaſt, with the coat of arms of the eldeſt branch of the family. It repreſents three ſmall pipkins in a triangular figure, with the following line under them, if we recollect rightly:

Quas rapuit Graecis ollas Landolphus fe.

Prince Francis early in his youth entered the army; and he began his career with ſuch unfavourable auſpices that nobody could forſee he would one day be raiſed to the pinnacle of dignity in the kingdom. Being an inferior officer, and hardly twenty years of age, he received a challenge from an able and gallant officer, Count Pilaſtrelli. His friends conſidered the riſk of his life to be imminent, as he was a young man juſt entered into the world, and his antagoniſt acknowledged to be one of the beſt ſwordſmen in the army. This inequality, however, was the ſafety of the prince, and the deſtruction of his antagoniſt. Count Pilaſtrelli, according to every report, too ſenſible of his own ſuperiority, treated the young man with great contempt in the fight, inſomuch that he neglected the uſe of his weapon on a neceſſary guard, and ſeemed to deſpiſe the leſſons taught at the fencing-ſchool. This inſulting preſumption proved fatal to him: he lay open to a thruſt, which his adverſary did not fail to make at him, and that ſo promptly, that he had not time to parry it—Prince Pignatelli's ſword paſſed through his body, and left him dead on the ſpot. The prince was, in conſequence of the duel, degraded from his rank, and ſent to the Caſtle of St. Elmo, where he remained confined for ſeveral years. Reflection on the committed homicide, with its conſequent repentance, added to regret for the fruſtration of his hopes and ambition, together with the effects of a long confinement, produced in him that religious turn of mind, which has been ſo conſpicuous in the ſubſequent part of his life.

Juſtice obliges us to ſtate, to the greateſt honour of the Italians, that, although ſlaughters, murders, and aſſaſſinations are more frequently perpetrated in their country than any where elſe, there is, perhaps, no people in Europe, who theoretically have more abhorrence than they have to taking a man's life. A perſon, who has happened to kill a man, even in the moſt gallant and honourable way, inſpires a diſlike in all people, gives embarraſſment by his preſence, and very ſeldom can gain admittance into ſocieties of cordial friends. The moſt unaccount-

able point in this national habitude is that the very ſame individuals who are ready to own, that, in ſome part of their lives, and on ſome ſtrange occurrences, they were in danger of committing ſimilar exceſſes, are diſturbed upon ſuch occaſions, and uneaſy at the converſation of others, who have been more unfortunate than they. This is, perhaps, the contraſt which nature has put in the temper of the Italians, between delicacy of ſenſibility and violence of paſſions. But, be it as it may, it was neceſſary to notice it here for the purpoſe of ſtating, that, owing to that unfortunate event, Prince Pignatelli, even when he was delivered from priſon, and re-admitted into the army, ſpent upwards of fifteen of the beſt years of his life in the greateſt obſcurity, and in the utmoſt inſignificancy. He was preferred by degrees to the rank of lieutenant, captain, and lieutenant-colonel, by very ſlow ſteps; nor was any more notice taken of him than of the leaſt officer in the royal ſervice.

His greateſt ſtrides towards the eminent dignities began about the year 1770. His Sicilian Majeſty, at that time in the bloom of his youth, was extremely fond of military parade and exerciſes. He projected, among other things, the erection of a new regiment, which ſhould be compoſed only of young gentlemen and noblemen from the two kingdoms. They were to be from fifteen to twenty-five years of age, ſupported by monthly appointments from their families, beſides the large wages of the court, and brought up in ſciences and tactics, in one large college, or rather quarters, in the capital. They were to be conſidered as the ſole candidates for any vacant place of officer in the inferior regiments, to live in their corps under the command of none who ſhould not be a nobleman, and intitled to the peculiar honour of attending his majeſty in all public ceremonies, and in his country-ſeats and diverſions. Whether M. Pignatelli was the firſt to give ſome hints of this new eſtabliſhment to the king, or he found himſelf occaſionally in the way, is more than we know: this is certain, that he was appointed director of the college, and commander of the new raiſed regiment, to which the name was given of Battaglione, Brigata, and ſometimes of Cadetti.

The purpoſes of his Majeſty were exceedingly well anſwered by the young gentlemen of the Battaglione, with reſpect to the military ſhew—A body of 1500 young men, finely equipped, rivalling each other in elegance and martial air, the greateſt part of them tall, ſtout, and handſome, and officered by individuals of the firſt nobility in the kingdom, made ſuch a ſhining figure in the royal and religious ceremonies as to overjoy the natives, and to aſtoniſh and charm every foreigner. But no worſe eſtabliſhment was ever ſeen for the purpoſe of promoting morals and ſciences! Theſe Cadetti ſoon proved the moſt ignorant and vicious body of young men in the kingdom. They were as

wicked towards each other within their quarters, as towards all the people of the town. Cheats, violences, injuries, infults, gaming, clandeſtine marriages, elopements, ſtabbing, and murders, became almoſt their excluſive department; and their profligacy of every kind had actually become ſo defamed and proverbial, as to deter every honeſt man from putting his children in the army. His majeſty avowed more than once, that he had been ſtrangely diſappointed, and could not help remonſtrating to M. Pignatelli on the ſubject. The commander excuſed himſelf on the age and condition of the young people, which rendered them incorrigible and diſreſpectful to their ſuperiors. The ultimate conſequence was the ſuppreſſion of ſuch a ſcandalous body! and M. Pignatelli, however unſucceſsful might have been his exertions in the command of the Battaglione, carried on through them his great object of having frequent opportunities of ſeeing and ingratiating himſelf with his majeſty. From that time, he has always poſſeſſed a conſiderable favour at court.

The public opinion, with reſpect to the morals and abilities of M. Pignatelli, whilſt commander of the Cadetti, was not decidedly in his favour. His great activity, ſupported by the affection of the court (which is a great prepoſſeſſion under an abſolute monarchy) enabled him to acquire, among the bulk of the people, ſome degree of reputation for talents and military knowledge. Thoſe, however, who could judge for themſelves, were able to appreciate him in his juſt value. He was conſidered by the latter as a man of no abilities, of many intrigues, and of an inſatiable ambition. The writer of this article was, when in Naples, aſſured by a clergyman of great reſpectability, who had been the ſpiritual director in the college, that no particular eſtabliſhment in that place was well projected or executed, and that the wickedneſs of the young people there was, in a great meaſure, occaſioned by a defect of adminiſtration. Many Neapolitan officers alſo gave him a diſadvantageous character. But what moſt unqueſtionably betrayed the narrow mind, and the inſufficiency of M. Pignatelli in this ſtation, was an order ſolicited by him from the court, purporting that all the officers in the Battaglione ſhould be choſen thenceforward from the nobility of the metropolis, excluding all the provincial nobility. This was certainly a diſgraceful blunder, as no man is ſo totally unacquainted with the hiſtory of the Two Sicilies as not to know that Naples became the metropolis of the kingdom under Charles I. and that the body of the Neapolitan nobility in that city was formed by Charles II. towards the cloſe of the thirteenth century; whereas, Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, having been the theatre of all the civil revolutions in the middle ages, and the occaſional reſidence of the founders of the monarchy, as well as of the overthrown dynaſties, prior to the houſe of Anjou,

poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed a claim to be the defendants of the Lombards, of the Normans, and the Greeks! This ſubjected him to the moſt humiliating animadverſions from the provincial nobility, and to plenty of pamphlets and lampoons from every quarter.

To be continued.

Judge Groſe's Addreſs, when he paſſed Sentence on John Clayton Weſt, for fraudulently obtaining Money belonging to the Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's Navy, delivered November 27, 1801, in the Court of King's Bench.

JOHN CLAYTON WEST, you are to receive the ſentence of this court, being convicted of a very great miſdemeanor, in having obtained from his Majeſty 57l. 1s. 8d, under a forged certificate, directed to the Commiſſioners for victualling his Majeſty's Navy. Upon the report of the caſe, it appears that the fraud of which you have been found guilty, was effected by the forgery of Captain King's hand-writing to a certificate in which there are two falſe ſtatements, one bearing date on the 29th of November inſtead of the 29th of December, by which the public were defrauded of the amount of certain ſums of money which would be due for thirty days allowance to you as purſer. Another in the ſame certificate, 103 are made in fact 106 days, ſo is your crime complicated, and we find it was committed in a place of truſt and confidence, that you have violated that confidence and betrayed that truſt by forgery, by the forgery of the name of Captain King, by which you have obtained money under falſe pretences, charging a number of days as allowance to you of which the allowance had before been made.

Theſe are grievous offences—no leſs than that of defrauding your employer by the means of forgery; and by falſe pretences burthening the ſtate, and unneceſſarily burthening the ſtate, by which you rob the poor, for every man, whether rich or poor, muſt directly or indirectly contribute to ſupport the ſtate; and if ſuch a caſe as your's were not to be marked by the ſentence of the law, it will be in vain that the captains and maſters of his Majeſty's ſhips are required, and very properly required to ſign certificates to denote the regularity of charges which it is their duty to examine, if by ſuch practices as your's, they may ſo eaſily be forged. Such was the nature of your caſe as it appeared on the part of the proſecution; it was but juſt, however, that we ſhould hear what you had to ſay in mitigation—we have heard, and attended to it carefully. I have attended carefully to the contents of your affidavit; it is urged there, that the trial did not come on when you were prepared to enter properly on your defence, and that when it did come on, you were unable, on account of pecuniary embarraſſment, to defend yourſelf: if

you had really a glimmer of hope by any defence which you could have ſet up, you could have no reaſon to deſpair. God forbid that your conviction ſhould have been founded on your diſtreſs: but your ſecond trial has totally invalidated your aſſertion on the former, and has proved you completely guilty.

It has been urged by you, that the fact of which you are convicted, is the practice of the officers of the navy, that to ſign vouchers, as you have done, of certificates of goods furniſhed for the uſe of the King, thus falſely, has exiſted time immemorial. It was very difficult to believe that aſſertion, and I am very glad his Majeſty's-Attorney General has authority to contradict it; a tale meaning nothing elſe than that there were among the honourable officers of the navy two claſſes of diſhoneſt men, who carried on their iniquity with eaſe, for it required only that the one ſhould commit, and the other connive at forgery and fraud; if it were ſo, it would, in ſome meaſure, account for the means by which the public are daily robbed; and his Majeſty's Attorney-General may well complain that the public are defrauded: there is no doubt the public are defrauded: the records of a court of juſtice prove it.

I have ſeen an inſtance in which a ſhip was furniſhed with naval ſtores, almoſt all new, with ſpoils from his Majeſty's neighbouring dock-yards: and in another, where ſtores from the Tower were taken at noon day, on a day which was called a holiday, and carried to a houſe, which, when ſearched by proper officers, was found to be full of his Majeſty's ſtores, from the cellar to the garret. If former practices be a ground of mitigation of puniſhment for ſuch offences as theſe, courts of juſtice will ſit in vain to hear complaints; but in a court of criminal juriſdiction, it cannot be urged, even in mitigation, that ſuch a cuſtom exiſts, not only is it impoſſible to hear without pain, but we cannot hear without horror, the ſtatement of a criminal practice to juſtify a crime: however ſuch practices might have prevailed, this court, by exemplary puniſhment, is to correct the notion that it is therefore to be juſtified, and teach thoſe who want the leſſon, that he who acts diſhoneſtly cannot be otherwiſe than criminal.

In your affidavit there are ſtated, circumſtances that plead, eloquently and powerfully, to our mercy; but we muſt remember that extremes border on each other, and that mercy, however amiable in theory and engaging in the abſtract, if not guided by diſcretion, will operate as cruelty both to the public and to the individual—To the public, by the effect of a greater crime; and to the individual, by ſuffering a greater puniſhment. There have been caſes in which thoſe convicted of miſdemeanors had their priſon door opened to them, and they have, afterwards, committed robbery. I ſpeak not upon conjecture, but knowledge of what I ſay. I know of a variety of inſtances in which

ſuch

ſuch a caſe has happened, and I am ſure I ſee many in which it may happen in future, not only in this court, but other courts of criminal juriſdiction.—That the public may be ſatisfied that no cuſtom ſhall ſanction fraud, and that others who have truſt repoſed in them may be taught by your example, this court, having conſidered duly all the circumſtances of your caſe, doth order and adjudge, that for your offence you be impriſoned in his Majeſty's gaol of Newgate for one year; that during that time you do ſtand in and upon the pillory for one hour, between the hours of twelve and two, in the open ſtreet between Charing-croſs and Whitehall, oppoſite to the gate of the Admiralty.

CHARACTER *of a* WOMAN *of* DEMI-TON.

By the late Mrs. Robinson.

THE ſort of character I wiſh to deſcribe, is to be met with in every ſcene of ſecond-rate ſociety, though ſhe is rarely, if ever, found in the circles of really mental or perſonal importance.

A woman of *demi-ton* is no leſs remarkable for her love of notoriety, than for the prominent figure ſhe is ambitious of making, wherever ſhe meets the eye of public obſervation. In a ſmall circle of intimate friends, ſhe never fails to take the lead in converſation—to inform the attentive group of *her* opinions on matters of faſhionable, as well as of political import. "As *I* always ſay," and "it is *my* opinion," are the prefatory ſentences to every point of her diſcourſe; while "*my* judgment is never queſtioned," or, *my* friends do me the honour to conſult me on moſt occaſions," is the unvarying epilogue to every rhapſody of folly and ſelf-importance.

In a carriage, a woman of demi-ton ſits prominently conſpicuous; at the theatre ſhe takes the centre ſeat of a front row, where ſhe annoys the actors, and diſturbs the audience by her vulgar and injudicious remarks; while, at frequent intervals, ſhe looks wiſtfully around for attention or for approbation. In the choice of her dreſs ſhe is more gaudy than taſteful, more profuſe than elegant; yet it is always *outré* in its faſhion, and after date in its propriety.

A woman of demi-ton, being generally a perſon of vulgar extraction, and no leſs vulgar mind, diſdains to aſſociate with thoſe claſſes of people, with whom ſhe was by nature formed to paſs her days. The circles of nobility, the abodes of the enlightened, are cloſed againſt ſuch a companion: ſhe has therefore only to mix with men of rank, by becoming the dependant, and the flatterer of degraded beauty. The houſe of a profeſſed female gameſter, or the carriage of a ſtigmatiſed woman of quality,

lity, are the ſcenes of her ſubordinate triumphs; while the one, in return for her countenance and her panegyric, daily repleniſhes her frippery wardrobe: and the other plants a nobleman's carriage at her door every morning, to give her a kind of tinſel ſplendour, whenever ſhe is inclined to receive her poor relations, or *to be at home* to her original claſs of intimate aſſociates.

A woman of demi-ton is loud and inceſſant in her converſation. She arreſts the ſtrongeſt tide of eloquence by the loquacity of her tongue, and the impoſing effrontery of her features. She affects an almoſt univerſal knowledge. She is a critic by habit, though her erudition ſwims, like a gaudy weed, on the rough ſtream of an unquiet fancy. She reads the publications of the day, merely to have an opportunity to cenſure; and ſhe keeps a common-place book, and an inexhauſtible fund for her daily converſation. Her habitation is like herſelf, an exhibition of uſeleſs and taſteleſs frippery; and her drawing-room is dreſſed, like a Pariſian *boutique de bijoux*, with the refuſe of auction-rooms, the rewards of flattery, and the trumpery of old faſhioned caprices; while her table is ſcantily provided, and her parſimony extends even to the privation of comfort, neatneſs, and delicacy.

A woman of demi-ton is always treated to public places; ſhe is particularly fond of attending thoſe whom ſhe makes her dupes to their morning ſhop-rambles, where ſhe inſtructs them in purchaſing bargains, at the ſame moment that ſhe faſtens (with lynx-like penetration) on ſuch articles of dreſs as ſhe means to accept from her credulous companion. She viſits perpetually: but at home, excepting during the forenoon, ſhe is generally inviſible. On her chimney, are ſiles of viſiting-cards, with the names of perſons to whom ſhe is totally unknown, picked up in her morning perambulations, or ingeniouſly written by herſelf, to give her a kind of domeſtic conſequence. At a concert, or a ſubſcription ball, ſhe is the leading character; her groteſque finery excites notice; her loud-toned voice arreſts attention; and a ſort of dumb aſtoniſhment, verging on contempt, is by her miſtaken for the very rapture of adulation.

At a watering-place, ſhe reſides in an obſcure lodging; but at a circulating library, or a raffle-ſhop, ſhe is the very ſoul of notoriety. She there makes her ſarcaſtic comments without *ſenſe*, but ſo replete with *ſound*, that her hearers wonder while they avoid her. If a prize of chance be gained, ſhe admires, gazes, ſighs, wiſhes it had been her's, and ſometimes, by her inuendoes, really makes it ſo. But ſhe never fails to attend the publ'c balls; but always finds an excuſe to depart, before the maſter of the ceremonies receives the emolument of his labours, and, to complete the journey of deceptive importance,

ſhe returns to the metropolis in a ſtage-coach, to tell all her acquaintances how ſplendidly ſhe has paſſed the ſummer.

NATURAL HISTORY *of the* CAPE HARE.

THE long ears of the Cape hare are dilated in the middle. On the outſide they are naked, and of a roſe colour; their inſide and edges are covered with ſhort grey hairs. Its crown and back are duſky, mixed with tawny; its cheeks and ſides aſh-coloured: its breaſt, belly, and legs, ruſt-coloured. Its tail, which it carries upwards, is of a pale ferruginous colour. It is of the ſize of a rabbit, and inhabits the country for three days march north of the Cape of Good Hope. It is there called the mountain hare; for it lives only in the rocky mountains, and does not burrow. It is difficult to ſhoot it, as, on the ſight of any one, it inſtantly runs into the fiſſures of the rocks. The ſame ſpecies probably extends as high as Senegal.

Allied to this, ſeems the viſcachas, mentioned by Acoſta and Fuillee, in their accounts of Peru. They compare them to hares or rabits, and ſay, that they inhabit the colder parts of the country; that their hair is very ſoft, and of a mouſe colour; that the tail is pretty long, and turned up; that the ears and whiſkers are like thoſe of the common rabbit. In the time of the Incas, their hair was ſpun, and wove into cloth, which was ſo fine, as to be uſed only by the nobility.

On the OFFERINGS *at the* SHRINE *of* ST. DAVID.

IN the year 1085, King William entered Wales, and marched after the manner of pilgrimage as far as St. David's, where he offered and paid his devotion to the ſhrine of that celebrated ſaint. In 1171, King Henry II. came and paid the ſame homage; he was afterward entertained by the biſhop. November 20, 1284, King Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor, came here for the ſame purpoſe, where pilgrims of all deſcriptions viſited, and made their offerings. To this receptacle the offerings made at the other chapels were brought and depoſited; where, they ſay, it was divided every Saturday among the canons and prieſts: and tradition ſays, that ſo great was the offering-money, that it uſed to be divided by diſhfuls; the quantity not allowing them leiſure to count it. That the devotion of this church was very great in the popiſh times is certain; and how meritorious they accounted it, appears by this old verſe:

"Roma ſemel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum."

"It

" It was eſteemed as meritorious to viſit St. David's twice, as to viſit Rome once."

Which has been anſwered thus:

" Mercedem ſimilem reddit uterque locus."
" It is as meritorious to viſit one as the other."

Tradition repeats another phraſe,

" Every one muſt go once to St. David's dead or alive."

The late Hon. Daines Barrington's Remarks on Common Recoveries.

THERE are two glaring improprieties in this fiction of a common recovery. The firſt is, that it is in direct oppoſition to the expreſs and clear words of a ſubſiſting law. The ſecond is, the very ridiculous and abſurd fiction by which the ſtatute is evaded. As then the miſchiefs ariſing from this chapter of Weſtminſter II. are univerſally ſeen and acknowledged, why ſhould it not be repealed by that power which can alone repeal it. I never heard but of one objection to this, which is, that certain officers and patentees would loſe their fees which they are entitled to upon common recoveries. I am aware that ſome ſtatutes neceſſarily ſuppoſe common recoveries to be legal, but this is not the regular and proper method of repealing a ſubſiſting law. Biſhop Burnet, in his hiſtory, ſomewhere mentions a ſtatute of Charles II. with regard to the drawing of horſes a-breaſt on the highways, which was ſo impracticable, that the judges, on their circuits, directed the grand juries not to put it in execution: this ſeems to have been aſſuming a very extraordinary liberty with an act of parliament, and that ſo recent one. I cannot help here taking notice, of what ſeems to have been a great impropriety (permitted every day in a court of law) viz. the treating modern ſtatutes as being ill penned, and not having been properly conſidered: they are the acts of the legiſlature of this country; and therefore, ſuch ridicule eternally thrown upon them, is ſurely not inculcating a reverence to the laws.

REFLECTIONS.

THAT conduct often ſeems ridiculous, the ſecret reaſons of which are wiſe and ſolid.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart inſenſibly gravitates towards another.

CHARACTER *of the* VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY experience ſtern, to learning prone, a foe to diſobedience, a friend to emulation, aſſiduous in his avocations, regular as the coming morn; by many diſapproved, by many loved. Such is the man whoſe daily cares were to learning given, and it is a pity his cares are not more gratefully owned.

PICTURE *of the* HUNTSMAN.

THOUGH ſcanty his domains, he kept two hounds, that, like their maſter, well knew where the timid hare to find; true in the chace, the woods re-echoed with their ſound. Murray was old, had ſeen better days, but ſtill his heart bent for the chaſe: and oft has he been ſeen with his crutch following and cheering his truſty Ringwood and Juna. Alas! the old ſportſman's tuneful voice is heard no more; he lays in the green church-yard, and his grave-ſtone bears this inſcription:

" Sylvan youth, when thou treadſt this ſpot,
" Think of one who like thee, was wont
" To follow with ardour the hounds."

Peace to thy memory, plain ſimple Murray.

On CONVERSATION.

ONE reaſon why we meet with ſo few people who are reaſonable and agreeable in converſation is, that there is ſcarcely any perſon who does not think more of what he has to ſay, than of anſwering what is ſaid to him. Even thoſe who have moſt addreſs and politeneſs think they do enough if they only ſeem to be attentive; at the ſame time that one might perceive in their eyes, and their minds, a diſtraction as to what is addreſſed to them, and an impatience to return to what they themſelves were ſaying; not reflecting that to be thus ſtudious of pleaſing themſelves is but a poor way to pleaſe or convince others; and that to hear patiently, and anſwer preciſely, are the great perfections of converſation.

It is to be lamented, that ſo many perſons, who ought to know better, accuſtom themſelves to low and indecent converſation. Beſides that this folly is highly diſguſting to conſiderate people, it has a very pernicious tendency, eſpecially when practiſed in the hearing of youth. The taſk of rearing perſons well is ſufficiently arduous, without wantonly impeding their progreſs in virtue, by indelicate language, in the uſe of which there cannot be the leaſt rational gratification.

Anſwer, by J. Squance, of Exeter, to E. Penney's Charade, inſerted September 21.

FRIEND Penney, if that I am right,
PENRICE, in Wales, 'will bring to light.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from H. Humphreys, E. Moon, S. B. and W. Strong, of Exeter; G. England, of Uplyme; A. L. of Poole; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; W. Francis, of Gwennap; Valencourt, of Kenn; Scholaſticus, of South Molton; and Philandricus.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to Mercurius's Rebus, inſerted September 21.

TO find the ſubject of your theme,
Its BYBLIS anſwers to the ſame.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, H. Humphreys, S. Murch, and W. Strong, of Exeter; A. L. of Poole; W. Brock, of Bath; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; W. Francis, of Gwennap; Valencourt, of Kenn; Scholaſticus, of South Molton; and Philandricus.

Anſwer, by Robert Maſſet, of Saltaſh, to T. Jarvis's Rebus, inſerted Sept. 28.

LET HARMONY for ever be
The choice both of your friend and me.

*** We have received the like anſwer from A. L. of Poole; S. Murch, W. Strong, and J. Squance, of Exeter; Valencourt, of Kenn; and Scholaſticus of South Molton.

A CHARADE, *by T. Whicher, of Exeter.*

ON Nelſon's vet'ran brow behold
My firſt doth plainly ſhine;
Oft as my ſecond's way he paſs'd,
What crowds of gazers join!
O may Britannia never know
My doleful whole! a threefold woe.

A REBUS, *by C. Mackey.*

FIRST find a foreign bird that flies
Its ſmaller than our ſmaller ſize;
An earthen veſſel bring to light;
Reverſe the ſame, if you think right:
The whole if you with care combine,
Will ſhew what's often ſpun with twine.

A REBUS, *by S. Murch, of Exeter.*

A Well-known fiſh muſt firſt be told;
A metal next you muſt unfold;
A mighty prince you'll now explain;
A gloomy bird you'll now retain;
A ſhrub you will with eaſe now find;
An antient king now bring to mind:
The initials rightly do expound,
That in moſt buildings I am found.

POETRY.

On PEACE.

HARK! what rapture rends the air,
See the crouds tumultuous run;
Baniſh'd now is wan deſpair,
Mad ambition's work is done.

Peace deſcends in radiance bright,
Blooming olives deck her head;
Sweet ſhe ſmiles, and gives delight,
Wide her bleſſings rapid ſpread.

In what cave, or lone retreat,
Didſt thy form angelic lie?
Pity ſoft could never meet,
Thy dim, tearful, tender eye.

Frantic war's deep-ſounding yell,
Frighted thee from fertile plains;
And the diſmal tolling knell,
Moaning hoarſe for ſlaughter'd ſwains.

Fly thou didſt from village torn,
All was ſorrow and deſpair;
Clad in gloom aroſe the morn,
Mark'd his face with wild'ring care.

From the cot diſcordant ſtrains,
Flow'd from melancholy's harp;
There the widow'd wife complains,
Wounded by afflictions ſharp.

Songs of joy were heard no more,
Sweetly ſung to innocence;
Dance fantaſtic round the door,
All were ſwiftly baniſh'd hence.

'Midſt her fields brown Ceres cried,
Tore with rage her poppy braid;
Fury ſpread dire ruin wide,
'Midſt her realms dread havoc made.

'Neath the hoſtile hoofs proſtrate,
Lo! the ripen'd harveſt falls;
Lo! the fell effects of hate,
War is deaf, where mercy calls.

Whilſt dark deſolation reigns,
Whilſt fell carnage thins the land,
Worth of cold neglect complains,
None takes genius by the hand.

Hence, ye images of woe,
In other ſcenes to view ariſe;
Scenes that cauſe my breaſt to glow;
Peace enraptures my fond eyes.

By thy plaſtic magic pow'r,
Nature blooms, and ſmiles around;
Bliſs attends each circling hour,
Now the land's with plenty crown'd.

Now the jocund ſong reſounds
From the manſion and the cot;
Mirth in every vale abounds,
Sweet content's the peaſant's lot.

Now his wife, with tranſport wild,
Fondly to his boſom's preſs'd;
Now again he claſps his child
To his manly, tender breaſt.

All is rapture, all is love,
Ev'ry object charms his ſight;
Parents, kindred, vie to prove,
He imparts to them delight.

This pure bliſs doſt thou beſtow,
Peace divine, adored maid!
Ne'er from us conſent to go,
Joy's bright ſunſhine never ſhade.

Hark! the choral hymns of praiſe,
Swell melodious round the iſle;
Love attunes thy vot'ries lays:
Deign, bright ſeraph! deign to ſmile.

Rapture fills my ardent ſoul,
Smiles thy face irradiate;
Bid the news, from pole to pole,
Fame's loud trumpet prompt relate.

Hark! the courteous zephyrs ſweet,
Waft the tidings far around;
Peopled realms thy preſence greet,
Homage ſhew thee, pure, profound!

Fore ſtreet, October 7, 1811.

J. S.

PEACE: *A* SONG.

Compoſed and ſet to Muſic for one or two Voices, with an Air for the German Flute, by Thomas Shoel, late of Montacute.

THE din of war is heard no more,
And thund'ring cannons ceaſe to roar;
Lo peace deſcends! whoſe heav'nly ſmiles
Shall cheer Britannia's drooping iſles.

Behold! from yon late hoſtile ſtrand,
See Gallia ſtretch a friendly hand:
While Albion drops her threat'ning lance,
And flies to meet the embrace of France.

No

No more the clanging trumpets ſound,
Nor grim deſtruction ſtalks around;
But ſafety ſpreads her guardian wings,
And plenty ſmiles, and muſic ſings.

Fair commerce lifts her languid head,
Profuſion decks the humble ſhed;
Britannia's ſons all hail with glee
The reign of peace and liberty.

And ſee the cheerful train advance
With merry ſong and feſtive dance;
For peace returns, whoſe heav'nly ſmiles
Shall cheer Britannia's drooping iſles.

ADDRESS *to* BERTHA.

GENTLE maid, who late I've ſeen,
Not as erſt, with joyous mien;
Why ſhould care bedim thine eyes,
Or thy boſom heave with ſighs?
Form'd t' enchant the gayeſt ſphere,
And heroic worth to cheer,
Doſt thou heed an abſent ſwain,
Thou haſt mourn'd, yet mourn'd in vain,
Stifle an ignoble flame.
He who gain'd ambition's height,
With no glow of fond delight;
He, whom eaſe inglorious led,
Soon the lowly vale to tread;
And of fame regardleſs grown,
Lives "unknowing and unknown;"
Let thy mind-ſpring chide,
Or thy mem'ry ever hide.
Tho' his muſic betray'd a ſmile,
I deign to brand with name of guile,
Fancy's caſual ſportive ray
Gleaming in the ſombre day.
Still if care invade thy brow,
Chaſe the fiend—I'll tell thee how:
Hand in hand with prudence, ſhare
Joys that calm reflection bear:
Pleaſing converſe, paſtime gay,
Blend with genile toils of day:
When at eve the minſtrels meet,
Mirth's eye-ſparkling train to greet,
As the harp euphonious plays,
Mingle in the dance's maze;
To the lute's entendered tone,
Chant the ſweeter of thy own;
Ere the guardian ſylphs arrive,
From thy ſleep all harm to drive,
O'er the lamp awhile engage
With the lore inſtructive page:
Theſe a panoply will yield,
Daunting care from off the field.

Does thy genius rear a fane,
Where was kindled friendſhip's flame,
There, if tinſel'd faſhion flaunt,
Lucre's ſlave ſoul-poiſon'd haunt,
Or pale-viſag'd envy lurk,
To deride the hallow'd work;
Eye the ſcorners with diſdain,
Cheriſh ſtill the ſacred fane.
Let its warmth thy life conſole,
'Tis nutrition to the ſoul.

When the breeze glad tidings waſts,
Telling love has ſped his ſhafts;
Telling when ſome youth of name,
Did thy hand in tranſport claim;
From my breaſt in pureſt glow,
Fervent oriſons ſhall flow,
Supplicating, Heaven may
Crown with bliſs thy ev'ry day.

Meant the token of eſteem,
Ne'er my lay obtruſive deem;
Not to charm thine ear its aim,
But to check deluſion's reign.
If thine eyes, as wont, ſhould beam
Luſtrous o'er the ſocial ſcene;
If thy boſom's tumult ceaſe,
And regain its halycon peace;
'Twill a meed of worth convey,
Paſſing far than wreath of bay.

VALCOUR.

On TIME.

SEE where, along th' extenſive meads,
Yon copious flood its current leads;
And ceaſeleſs rolls th' abundant tide,
With like abundance ſtill ſupply'd;
Still in ſucceſſive lapſe the ſame,
A conſtant never-failing ſtream:
Long has it flow'd, continues ſo,
And thus ſhall ever, ever flow.

So time, from undiminiſh'd ſtores,
Continual emanation pours:
Hour after hour flies ſwift away,
Succeeding hours their loſs repay;
Day follows day; as tranſient too,
The ſeeming ſlow-born years purſue
And flee: and thus ſhall ever flee
Time that has been, and e'er ſhall be.

While here, O mortal! to remain,
A wanderer on life's deſtin'd plain,
Let this employ thy ſerious thought:
Our moments were not given for nought,
And as with ſpeed, awaiting none,
Time ſtill continues rolling on;
Await not time; but, as it flies,
Each valued inſtant learnt to prize.

On SOLITUDE.

MY heart is eaſy, and my burden light;
I ſmile, tho' ſad, when thou art in my